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SHAKSPEARE.

From the Bust in Stratford-on-Avon Church.



VIEW

of an

Ancient Building in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon,

THE BIRTH PLACE OF SHAKSPEARE;

With a Representation of the Jubilee Procession,

September 6, 1769.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
SHAKSPEARE;

COMPRISED IN

TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY

Vignette

ENGRAVINGS,

BY THOMPSON,

FROM DESIGNS BY THURSTON:

ADAPTED TO ALL EDITIONS.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
PATERNOSTER ROW;

BY D. S. MAURICE, FENCHURCH STREET.

LEIPSIC :

ERNEST FLEISCHER, No. 80, PETER'S STREET.

1826.

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The Tempest.



Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse.



Mira. If, by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

Act I. Scene II.



Ste. Come on your ways! open your mouth: here
is that which will give language to you, cat; open your
mouth.

Act II. Scene II.



Fer. ————— My sweet mistress
Weeps, when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor.

Act III. Scene I.



Pro. Hey! Mountain! hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes! *Silver!*
Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant! there! hark,
hark!

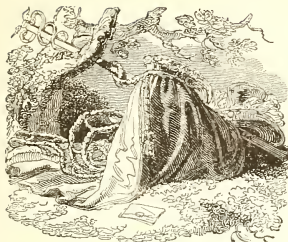
Act IV. Scene I.



Pros. I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth:
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

Act V. Scene I.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.



— If shame live
In a disguise of love,
It is the lesser blot, modest finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.



Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.

Act I. Scene I.



Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I must, where there is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

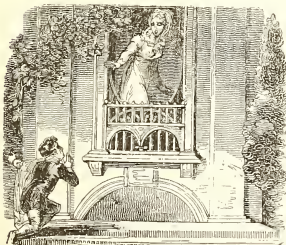
Act II. Scene II.



Speed. Why did'st not tell me sooner? Pox of your love-letters! [*Runs off.*]

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

Act III. Scene I.



Sil. Who is that, that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Act IV. Scene II.



Egl. See where she comes; lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen! Amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the Abbey-wall.

Act V. Scene I.



The Merry Wives of Windsor.



Falstaff. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot !—think of that, master Brook.



Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?
Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.
Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.
Slender. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.

Act I. Scene I.



Mrs. Page. Here's the twin-brother of thy letter. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words.

Act II. Scene I.



Falstaff. Let me see't, let me see't !—
 Help me away; let me creep in here!
 I'll never—[*they cover him with foul linen.*]

Act III. Scene III.



Falstaff. Now, whence came you?

Mrs. Quickly. From the two parties, forsooth.

Falstaff. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed!

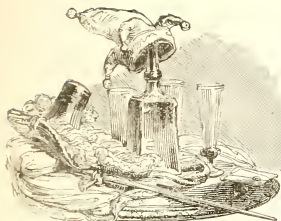
Act IV. Scene V.



Falstaff. O, powerful love! that in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—For me, I am here a Windsor Stag, and the fattest, I think, o' the forest.

Act V. Scene V.

Twelfth Night.



Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk above the orb, like the Sun; it shines every where.



Viola. Most sweet lady,—
Otivia. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?
Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Act I. Scene V.



Malv. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir Toby. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lip then? [*aside.*]

Act II. Scene V.



Sir Toby. Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Toby. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Act III. Scene IV.



Maria. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas, the curate.

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first, that ever dissembled in such a gown.

Act IV. Scene II.



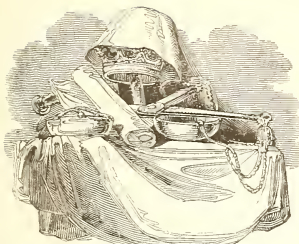
Duke. Come away [*to Viola.*]

Olivia. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?—

Act V Scene I.

Measure for Measure.



Isab. No ceremony that to great ones 'longs;
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy doth.



Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?

Act I. Scene II.



Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well, what's your suit?

Act II. Scene II.



Duke. (disguised,) So, then, you hope of pardon from
lord Angelo?

Claudio. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Act III. Scene I.



Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away.

Act IV. Scene I.



F. Peter. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke!

Act V. Scene I.



Much Ado about Nothing.



Ben. Pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted;—
and let them signify under my sign,—*Here may you see Benedict, the married man.*



Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad.

Act I. Scene I.



Ben. Happy are they, that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.

Act II. Scene III.



Dogb. This is your charge:—you shall comprehend all vagrom men.

Act III. Scene III.



Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

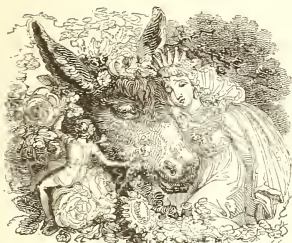
Act IV. Scene II.



Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Act V. Scene II.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.



Obe. For she his hairy temples then hath rounded
With coronets of fresh and fragrant flowers.



Her. ————— We must starve our sight
From lover's food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

Act I. Scene 1.



Tita. ————— Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Act II. Scene III.



Puck. I go; I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Act III. Scene II.



Tita. So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist:—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky film of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Act IV. Scene I



Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

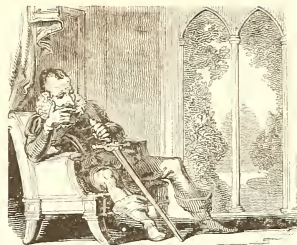
This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Act V. Scene I.

Love's Labour's Lost.



Biron. Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transformed: four woodcocks in a dish!



Arm. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! for your manager
is in love; yea, he loveth.

Act I. Scene I.



Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, thought but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Act II. Scene I.



Arm. Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration.

Act III. Scene I.



Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame!

Act IV. Scene II.



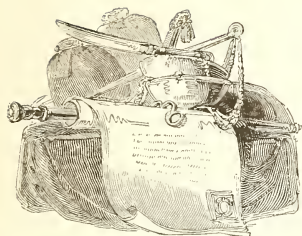
Hol. Ne intelligis, domine?

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone for bene:
Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Act V. Scene I.

Merchant of Venice.



Shy. And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.



Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum ;
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Act I. Scene III.



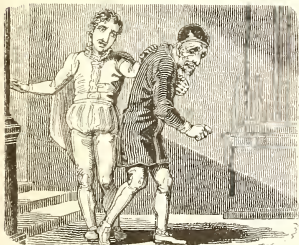
Mor. O heil ! what have we here ?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll ? I'll read the writing.

Act II. Scene VII.



Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet knew not of ; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Act III. Scene IV.



Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Act IV. Scene I.



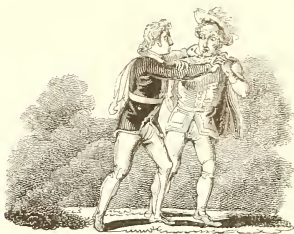
Gra. By yorder moon, I swear, you do me wrong.

Act V. Scene I.

As You Like it.



And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.



Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Act I. Scene I.



Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee, to the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

Act II. Scene III.



Cor. And how like you this Shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, Shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but, in respect that it is a Shepherd's life, it is naught.

Act III. Scene I.



Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, Sister, you shall be the Priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.

Act IV. Scene I.



Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.

Act V. Scene III.

All's Well that Ends Well.



Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums!

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this: for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.



Countess. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right!

Act I. Scene I.



Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

Act II. Scene I.



Countess. This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king.

Act III. Scene II.



Par. O, ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.
[they seize him and blindfold him.]

Act IV. Scene I.

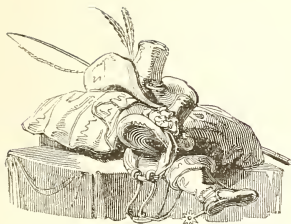


Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clot. Foh, prithee stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool given to a nobleman!

Act V. Scene I.

Taming of the Shrew.

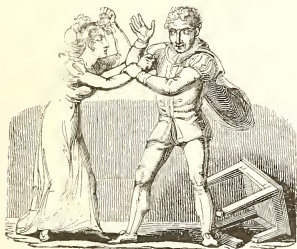


Pet. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate.



Grü. Help, masters, help! my master is mad!
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah, villain!

Act I. Scene II.



Pet. Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Act II. Scene I.



Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hæc ibat*, as I told you before:—*Simois*, I am
Lucentio;—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio, of Pisa;—*Si-*
geia tellus, disguised thus to get your love.

Act III. Scene I.



Grü. Now, were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my
very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the
roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, 'ere I should
come by fire to thaw me.

Act IV. Scene I.



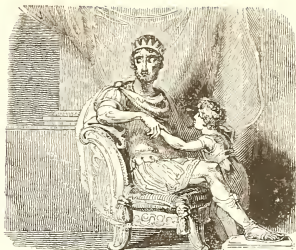
Pet. See, where she comes: and brings your froward
wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Act V. Scene II.

Winter's Tale.



Ant. Poor wretch !
That for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow :—Farewell.



Leon. How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband !

Act I. Scene II.



Paul. ——— The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

Act II. Scene III.



Shep. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we
here ? [*picking up the child.*] Mercy on's ! a bairn ! a very
pretty bairn !

Act III. Scene III.



Clo. How now ? can'st stand ?

Aut. Softly, dear sir ; [*picks his pocket.*] good sir,
softly ; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Act IV. Scene II.



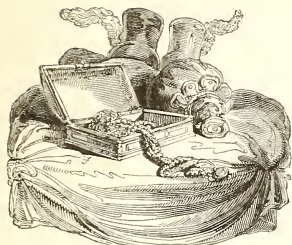
Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand ; I will swear to the prince thou
art as honest a true fellow as any in Bohemia.

Act V. Scene II.

Comedy of Errors.



Duke. One of these men is genius to the other ;
And so of these : which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?



Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? there, take you that, sir knave.

Act I. Scene II.



Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy head across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating :

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Act II. Scene I.



Ant. S. Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife ;
Give me thy hand.

Act III. Scene II.



Pinch. ——— The fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, wilt thou murder me ?

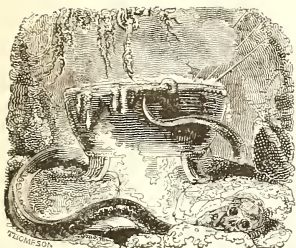
Act IV. Scene IV.



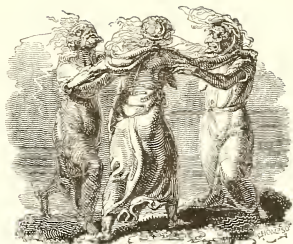
Serv. My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire ;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.

Act V. Scene I.

Macbeth.



Witches. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn! and cauldron, bubble!



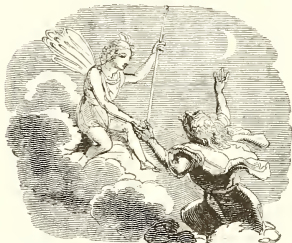
Witches. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.

Act I. Scene III.



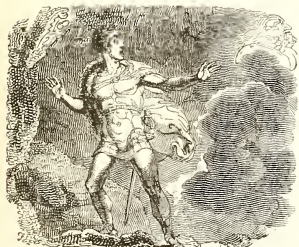
Lady M. Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bell-man,
That gives the stern'st good-night.

Act II. Scene II.



Hec. Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

Act III. Scene V.



Macb. [*Witches vanish.*] Where are they? Let this
pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

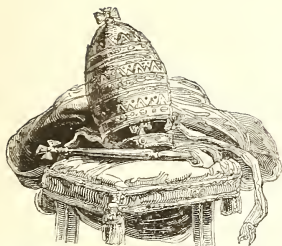
Act IV. Scene II.



Lady M. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Act V. Scene I.

King John.



Pand. ————but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.



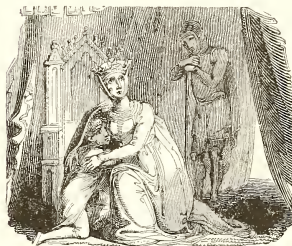
Bast. But wher I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

Act I. Scene I.



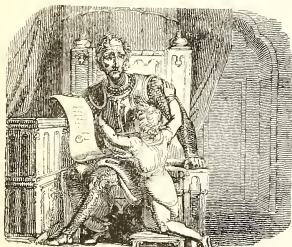
Bast. Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.

Act II. Scene II.



Const. My grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Act III. Scene I.



Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom,—
Read here, young Arthur. [*shows a paper.*]
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

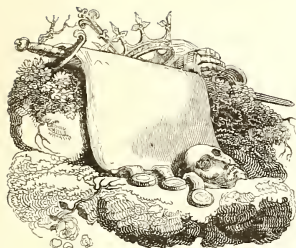
Act IV. Scene I.



K. John. The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair.

Act V. Scene VII.

King Richard II.

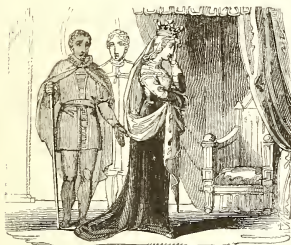


K. Rich. I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, and revenues, I forego.



Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Rouse up thy youthful blood; be valiant, and live.

Act I. Scene III.



Bushy. Madam, your majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Act II. Scene II.



Queen. What sport shall we devise here in these gardens,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Act III. Scene IV.



Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Act IV. Scene I.



Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Act V. Scene II.

King Henry IV. Part I.



Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! give me a cup of sack, boy.— A plague of all cowards!



Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know.

Act I. Scene II.



Hot. Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

Act II. Scene III.



Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here, In quantity equals not one of yours.

Act III. Scene I.



Fal. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.

Act IV. Scene II.



Fal. Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow.

Act V. Scene IV.

King Henry IV. Part II.



Rumour. Open your ears : for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?



Fal. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath
overwhelmed all her litter but one.

Act I. Scene II.



P. Henry. My heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is
so sick : and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath
in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Act II. Scene II.



K. Henry. How many thousand of my poorest sub-
jects
Are at this hour asleep !—Sleep ! gentle sleep !
Nature's soft nurse ! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Act III. Scene I.



P. Henry. [puts the crown on his head.] Lo, here it
sits,—
Which heaven shall guard : and put the world's whole
strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me.

Act IV. Scene IV.



Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged ras-
cal ; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst
better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced
villain.

Act V. Scene IV.

King Henry V.



Chorus. O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!



Cant. ——— That, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

Act I. Scene I.



K. Henry. ——— Their faults are open;
Arrest them to the answer of the law:—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Act II. Scene II.



Alice. Excellent, Madame!
Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à dîner.

Act III. Scene IV.



K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.

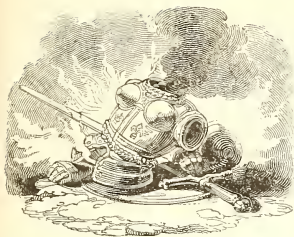
Act IV. Scene I.



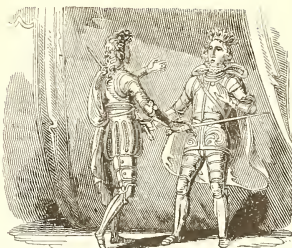
Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels:
you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but
cudgels.

Act V. Scene I.

King Henry VI. Part I.



York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!



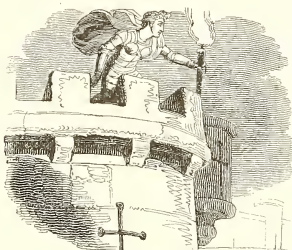
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?

Act I. Scene IV.



Tal. How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks.

Act II. Scene II.



Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Act III. Scene III.



Tal. Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*dies.*]

Act IV. Scene VII.

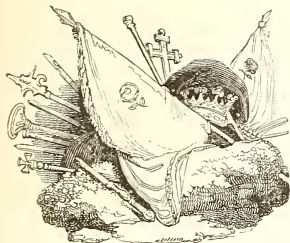


Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*aside.*]

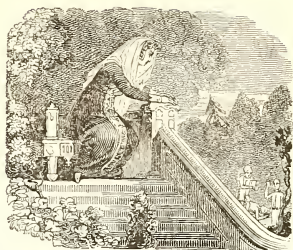
Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Act V. Scene III.

King Henry VI. Part II.



York. Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd :
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.



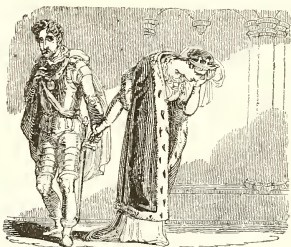
Spirit. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Act I. Scene IV.



Glo. Be patient, gentle Neil : forget this grief.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
Now thou dost penance too.

Act II. Scene IV.



Q. Marg. ——— Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears.
Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

Act III. Scene II.



Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for
a stray : for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah !
villain ! thou wilt betray me.

Act IV. Scene X.



Young Cliff. Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's
house ;
As did Eneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.

Act V. Scene II.

King Henry VI. Part III.



K. Hen. Oh ! pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
Wither one rose and let the other flourish !
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither !



Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws ;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

Act I. Scene III.



K. Hen. O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain.

Act II. Scene V.



K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities ;
For wiser men say, it is the wisest course.

Act III. Scene I.



Hunter. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man ; see where the huntsmen stand.

Act IV. Scene V.

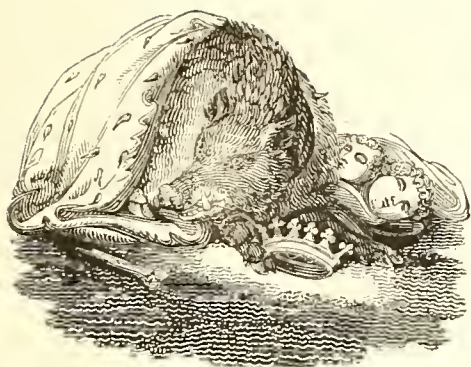


K. Edw. So, lie thou there : die thou, and die our fear ;

For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast ; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

Act V. Scene II.

King Richard III.

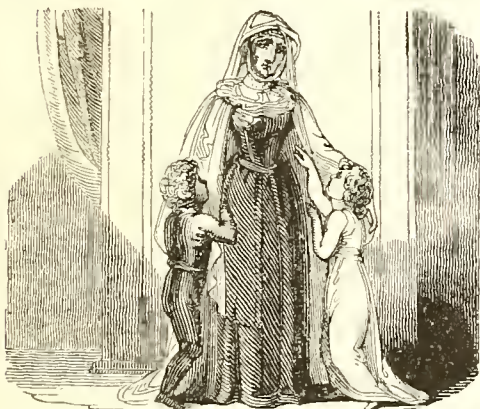


Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.



Clar How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Act I. Scene II.



Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Act II. Scene II.



Hast. Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Act III. Scene IV.



Q. Mar. Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say,—The dog is dead!

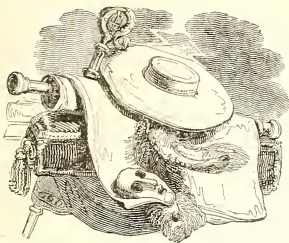
Act IV. Scene IV.



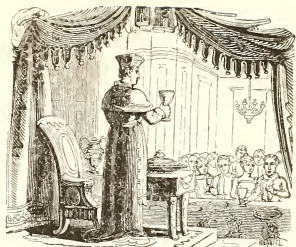
K. Rich. Give me another horse;—bind up my
wounds;—
Have mercy, Jesu!—

Act V. Scene III.

King Henry VIII.



Wolsey. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.



Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [drinks.]

Act I. Scene IV.



Chamb. ——— The king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke.

Act II. Scene III.



Wol. ——— Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Act III. Scene II.



Griff. She is asleep; good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her.

Act IV. Scene II.



Lady. ——— Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

Act V. Scene I.

Troilus and Cressida.



Troilus. Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd!



Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blanch at sufferance than I do.

Act I. Scene I.



Ther. The common curse of mankind,—folly and ignorance,
be thine in great revenue!

Act II. Scene II.



Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.

Act III. Scene II.



Tro. We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

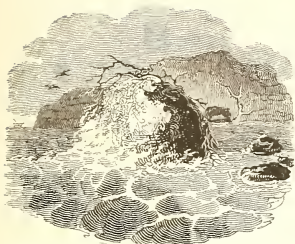
Act IV. Scene IV.



Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one-another; I'll
go look on.

Act V. Scene IV.

Timon of Athens.



Timon. ————say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.



Poet. Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! How big imagination
Moves in this lip !

Act I. Scene I.



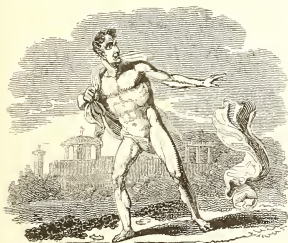
Timon. ————Wherefore, 'ere this time,
Have you not fully laid my state before me ?
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means.

Act II. Scene II.



Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ ;
And we alive, that liv'd ? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

Act III. Scene I.



Timon. ————Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou détestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !

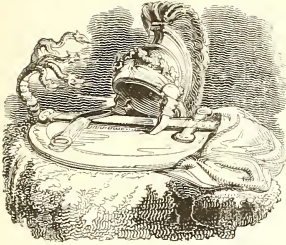
Act IV. Scene I.



Sold. What's on this tomb I cannot read ; the charac-
ter
I'll take in wax.

Act V. Scene IV.

Coriolanus.

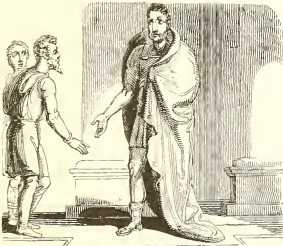


Cor. Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying! Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word.



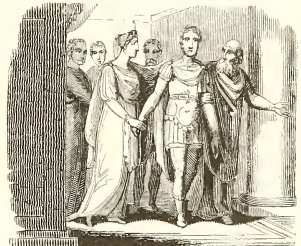
Vol. Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and
none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had
rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one
voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Act I. Scene III.



Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the cus-
tomary gown.

Act II. Scene III.



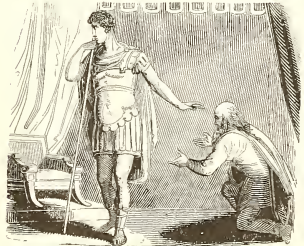
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Act III. Scene II.



Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

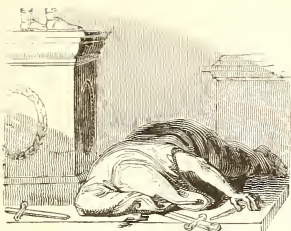
Act IV. Scene IV.



Cor. ————— Be gone!
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force.

Act V. Scene II.

Julius Cæsar.



Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?



Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Act I. Scene II.



Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Act II. Scene IV.



Ant. Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Act III. Scene I.



Ant. He shall not live : look, with a spot I damn
him.

Act IV. Scene I.



Pin. ———— And, hark !
They shout for joy.

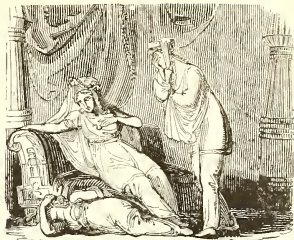
Cass. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

Act V. Scene II.

Antony and Cleopatra.



Antony. Egypt! thou knew'st, too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after! O'er my spirit,
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st.



Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

Act III. Scene I.



Enob. ————— By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.

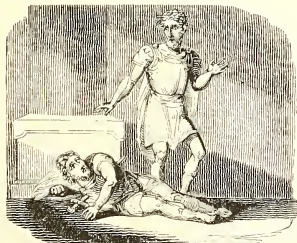
Lep. Your speech is passion;
But pray you, stir no embers up.

Act II. Scene II.



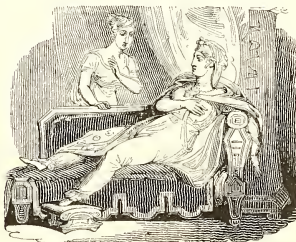
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Act III. Scene IX.



Eros. Why, there then: [falls on his sword.] Thus do
I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

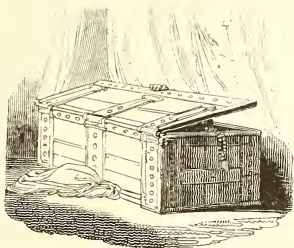
Act IV. Scene XII.



Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Act V. Scene II.

Cymbeline.



Iach. 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.



Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.

Act I. Scene VII.



[Song] Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

Act II. Scene III.



Imo. Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.

Act III. Scene VI.



Imo. ——— But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

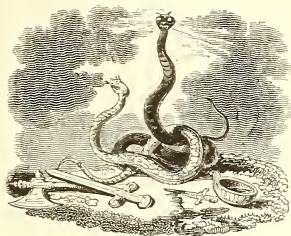
Act IV. Scene II.



Post. What fairies haunt this ground? a book?
O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

Act V. Scene IV.

Titus Andronicus.



Aaron. ————O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thought of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black as his face.



Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy !
Barr'st me my way in Rome ?

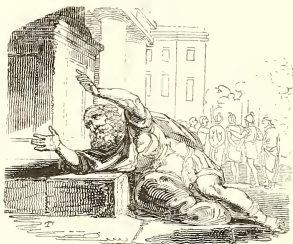
[*Titus kills Mutius.*]

Act I. Scene II.



Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?

Act II. Scene III.



Tit. O reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Act III. Scene I.



Mar. Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

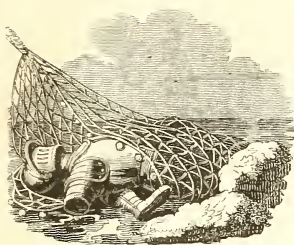
Act IV. Scene I.



Mar. ————Behold this child,
Of this was Tamora delivered ;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

Act V. Scene III.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.



2nd. *Fisherman*. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.



Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Act I. Scene II.



Per. What's here!
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

Act II. Scene V.



Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forget thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave.

Act III. Scene I.



Mar. ———Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

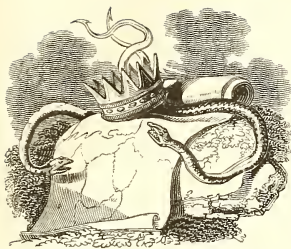
Act IV. Scene I.



Per. ———Yet thou dost look
Like patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.

Act V. Scene I.

King Lear.



Lear. Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shewest thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.



Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What need is then that terrible despatch of
it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such
need to hide itself.

Act I. Scene II.



Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?

Act II. Scene IV.



Lear. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

Act III. Scene II.



Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee,

Act IV. Scene I.



Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of
stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack;—O, she is gone for
ever.

Act V. Scene III.

Romeo and Juliet.



Mon. There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!



Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it
as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare; which is a disgrace to them,
if they bear it.

Act I. Scene I.



Romeo. Good morrow, father!

Friar. Benedicite!

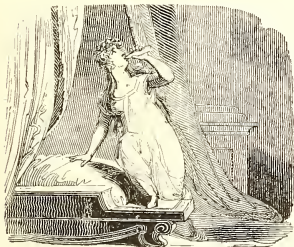
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Act II. Scene III.



Romeo. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

Act III. Scene V.



Juliet. Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

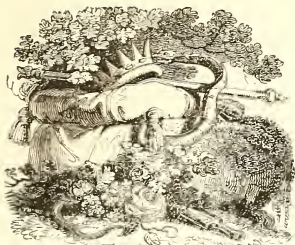
Act IV. Scene III.



Romeo. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.

Act V. Scene I.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.



Ghost. 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me ;

— but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.



Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me ? speak,
I'll go no further.

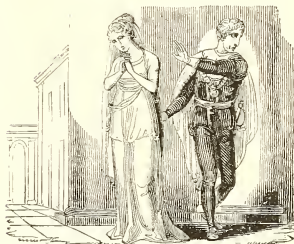
Act I. Scene V.



Pol. What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words !

Act II. Scene II.



Ham. Go thy ways to a nunnery.

Act III. Scene I.



Ophe. [*sings.*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

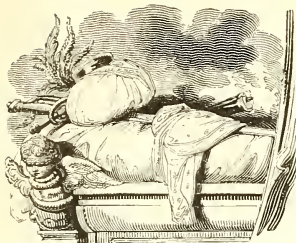
Act IV. Scene V.



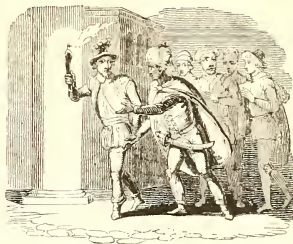
1st. Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about ; for your
dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.

Act V. Scene I.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.



Oth. Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.



Cass. The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you;
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Act I. Scene II.



Oth. ——— O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death.

Act II. Scene I.



Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Act III. Scene III.



Desd. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I
false?

Oth. O Desdemona, away! away! away!

Desd. Alas, the heavy day! — Why do you weep?

Act IV. Scene II.



Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that killed her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Act V. Scene II.

The Seven Ages of Man.



At first, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms.



Then a Soldier; seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.



And then the whining School-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face.



And then the Justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd.



And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace.



The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon.



Last scene of all
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion!

As You Like It.—Act II. Scene VII.

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